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A
H Y M N
TO THE
C R E A T O R.

Written by a GENTLEMAN, on Occasion of the
Death of his only DAUGHTER.

——— *Præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene.*

H O R.



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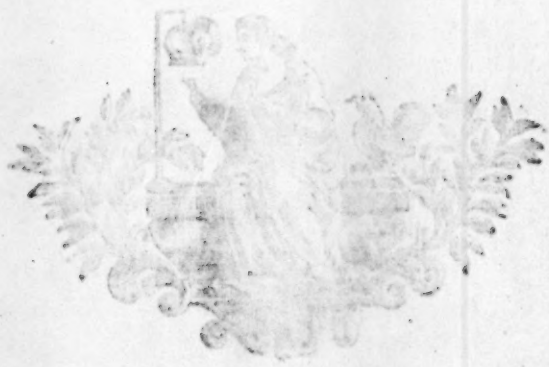
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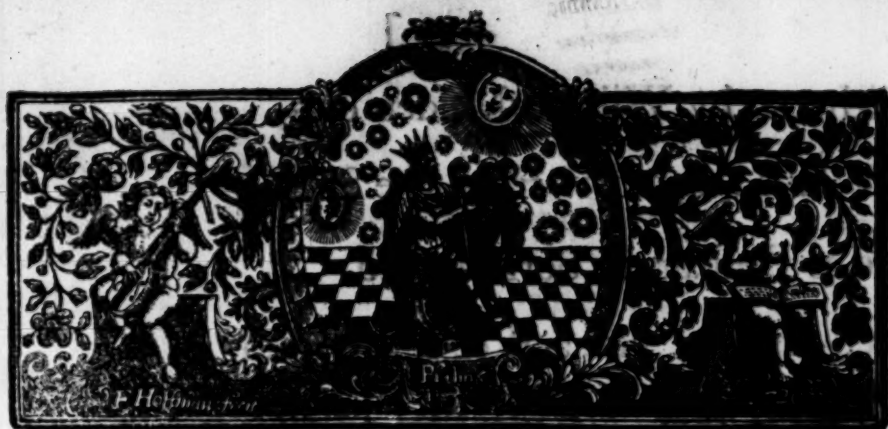
TO THE
C R E A T O R.

Printed by a C. R. ...
Both of the ...

Printed by ...
C. R. ...



Printed by J. W. ...
... in ...



A
H Y M N
TO THE
C R E A T O R.

CREATOR! genial Source of Day!
 The Lamp and Life of reas'ning Clay!
 Who water'st Spring with tepid Showers,
 Awaking in a Blush of Flowers!
 The thymie Meadows do'st perfume,
 And soft-unfold the Virgin's Bloom!
 Fairer than Meadows is her Prime,
 And sweeter than the breathing Thyme:
 O Thou, that giv'st the Vine to shoot,
 On landscap'd Hills, in burnish'd Fruit!
 Who bid'st the Lilly, silver-blown,
 Surpass in Beauty *David's* Throne!
 2A With-

Without thy Will no Maiden dies,
 Nor falls a Sparrow from the Skies!
 Pale as Despair, to Sorrow wed,
 Deep-sinking, like a Weight of Lead,
 What Tribute, *Father*, shall I bring?
 How, in the Hour of Darkness, sing?
 Can I the Numbers now sustain?
 Now raise to Thee an heavenly Strain?

Ev'n now the Dulcimer, aloud,
 I'll wake! sweet to the tuneful Crowd!
 Glory, O God, to Thee on high!
 Thine is the Spring-gale's balmy Sigh,
 The Saphirs' that in *Iris* fade,
 The bleeding Mulb'ry's silky Shade,
 The Hoar-frost, and celestial Dews:
 Be thine th'afflicted Poet's Muse!
 O let Thanksgiving, Blessing, Praise,
 Almighty Guardian of my Lays,
 Incessant hail thy Seats divine;
 For Mercy, Grace, and Love are thine!

Thy Grace defends, thy Mercy keeps
 The Heart that fails, the Eye that weeps;

As

As with soft Ointment, does compose
 The Father's Pangs and Mother's Throws;
 Thy Mercy, Lord, his Pangs relieves,
 When for his only Child he grieves;
 The Daughter! that, up-growing bright,
 Bloom'd like the Orange in his Sight!
 Beneath his Eye who flourish'd fair.
 His Morn-Tide, Noon, and Evening Care!
 His Lips with Breath of Incense blest,
 And gayly smil'd his Pains to Rest!
 The Nymph he thought ordain'd to shine,
 In her sweet Likeness, thro' his Line!
 The lovely Love-inspiring-Maid,
 That, like Enchantment, round him play'd!
 In whom the Vertues all combin'd!
 His softer Self, and fairer Mind!
 With her lov'd Voice, and Fondling's Art,
 Each Moment, she rejoyc'd his Heart;
 But shall no more his Heart rejoice,
 With her fond Looks, and Angel's Voice.

Lo! on the Ground he lies bereft!
 Of Joy, of Love, of Glory left!

B

Thought

Thought driving far from Thought Relief!
 Remembrance fresh-embitt'ring Grief!
 Vain Shadow of his former Name!
 The Mark of Wrath, and Wreck of Fame!
 Yet not quite bruise'd beneath thy Rod;
 Yet still his Faith, his Life in God:
 Sure, with these Eyes, to resurvey
 His Darling at the latter Day;
 To reimbrace, in these kind Arms,
 Her glorified, corruptless Charms:
 Yes, Lord, I know it, when our Earth
 Sings Poems at its Second Birth;
 When new *Jerusalem* shall rise,
 Without a Sun! without the Skies!
 (Thy Presence does the Sun supply!
 The Light is thine Eternal Eye!)
 Then shall my Sight my Love explore,
 And she shall rise to set no more.

Father of Men and Angels! great
 Controller of thy Creatures' Fate!
 Who lead'st the True and the Upright
 Beside the Waters of Delight!

The Fountain Thou, whence Health doth flow,
 Whence Wisdom, first of Gifts below !
 This *Cherubim*, this *Virgin-Saint*,
 Which Cherubs' Pencils best could paint,
 Thy beauteous Work ! Great God, invest
 With Sovereign Splendor 'midst the Blest ;
 Invest with Bliss supreme ; with Joys
 Greatly exchang'd for Earth-born Toys !
 Nor give her Prayers to fleet away,
 If pure immortal Spirits pray,
 Let them not fleet before the Wind,
 The Pray'rs ! for those she leaves behind.

How long, O righteous Judge, forlorn,
 For my *Pulcheria* shall I mourn ?
 How long indulge a Parent's Pain,
 And urge fond Nature's Tears in vain ?
 O lax, right soon, thy hard Decrees,
 And bring the Hours that smile with Ease ;
 In Blessings, fraught with Peace, descend ;
 Be Thou the *childless* Father's Friend ;
 And Thou, at length, in pity dry
 The Tears from wretched *Mary's* Eye ;

Those

Those Tears! that still will find their Way,
Tho' Months roll on, and Times decay.

Already see! the Veil withdrawn!
And, nigh at hand, thy Mercies dawn:
Lo! where she comes, thro' liquid Air
Swift-born! oh! Angel! Goddess fair!
Behold! a Crown of Bay she brings:
She hides, she folds me in her Wings:
'Tis gone----fading it fades to View ---
While glowing Hope, meseems, anew,
Fresh Vertue, kindle in my Heart!
Great Lord of Glory! bless the Art;
The Hymner bless, and aid his Flame,
Who, tho' enfeebled, sings thy Name;
Thy Praise recites, in pious Verse,
Tho' weeping o'er a Daughter's Hearse:
This Work a Monument shall be
Of Love to Her! of Trust in Thee!
O give her dear Remembrance, long,
To live in my *Paternal* Song.

F I N I S.